

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO.

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Paper stockings are coming into extensive use in Germany. They are said to be a preventative of colds.

Camille Flammarion and three other French astronomers will make for the Paris exhibition in 1900 a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

At a fair in Cumberland, Maine, a yoke of oxen, weighing 3,220 pounds, were matched against twenty men, whose combined weight was about the same, in pulling a drag on which were granite blocks weighing 4,959 pounds. The men easily moved the drag ninety-five feet in two minutes, while the oxen only moved it slightly-five feet in the same time.

The State of Pennsylvania is doing a good thing in setting apart the historic ground of Valley Forge. No less than 217 acres of the Valley Forge property have been acquired, so far, and about 250 acres remain to be acquired. The cost of the land and its development for park purposes will amount to something like a hundred and fifty dollars, but the State legislatures are not likely to be backward in vote money.

Season's crazes in Europe have been reflected by an Italian editor. In his it is clay modelling, the chief being Mr. Gladstone and Sir Harcourt; in Paris it is rid-iculously and southern France it is beans, painted to represent painted persons; they jump best on hot plates. In Belgium they have slow smoking races; the pipes are filled with half an ounce of tobacco each and the winner is he who can hold out longest without relighting. The record so far is sixty-seven minutes.

Rev. Dr. James Newton Shaffer, a Methodist divine of New York, celebrated his 83d birthday the other day. In speaking of the early days of his church work the doctor said he had been one congregation by using the word "Invulnerable." On that occasion the church officials summoned him before them. "We do not want, and will not have any Latin or Greek in our sermons," the spokesman explained. "We want plain Methodist preachin' and no foreign fashions."

Miss Hellene Willis, of San Jose, California, is achieving fame as the originator of the idea of collecting the locks of foot-ball heroes as trophies. Recently the captain of a well-known eleven received a letter from Miss Willis asking for a lock of hair from each of the members of his team, to be accompanied by their autographs, and explaining the unusual request by stating that she has a large scrap book in which are placed the locks of hair and autographs of most of the prominent players of the past season.

Dr. Max Ohnefalsche Richter will soon publish the results of his recent excavations in Cyprus. These have been carried on at Tamassos under the direction of the Berlin Museum, and at Idalion with funds furnished directly by the German Emperor. At Tamassos the excavations began in the Necropolis, where in the oldest graves a great deal of hand made pottery was found, of the same kind as that unearthed at Hissarlik by Schliemann. Three royal tombs of peculiar architecture were discovered, in one of which was found a great iron sword adorned with silver bosses such as Homer describes. One of the stone tombs is built in exact imitation of a wooden structure, with roof, beams, blind windows, with carved sills and doors, a procedure almost without a parallel. The finds belong to all periods of Greek history from 2,000 B. C., or earlier, to the later Roman Empire. Dr. Richter is convinced that the earliest immigrants to Cyprus were not Semitic, but of the same race as the inhabitants of southern and central Europe.

The Canadian papers are recalling a story which the late Bishop Medley, Metropolitan of Canada, never tired of repeating. In his sparsely settled jurisdiction the roads were in a very primitive condition, rendering the journey

from one backwoods settlement to another an unpleasant, not to say dangerous, undertaking. The Bishop, however, made periodical visits to the most outlying parishes of his diocese in all seasons and in the most inclement weather. On one occasion, a violent storm being in progress, he was compelled to halt for the night at a log cabin by the roadside. A rough but hearty welcome was accorded him by the inhabitants, to whom he was unknown. The man of the house at once busied himself with the care of the horses, while the woman set about the preparation of the evening meal. As the Bishop sat comfortably by the fire, his first thoughts were of his mission to that lonely neighborhood. "My good woman, sir," said he, "are there any Episcopalians in this vicinity?" "I hardly know, sir," she replied, hesitatingly; "the men did kill something under the barn yesterday, but whether it was one of them things or not I cannot say for certain."

He gives twice who gives quickly. He who pays a bill quickly doesn't pay twice, but he does a good thing and helps to pay some other bill. Therefore all who can pay their January bills quickly ought to do so. Such payment will help business. It will encourage those who do business and who have their January bills to pay. The paying of bills is one of the unpleasant features of life, but waiting for them to be paid is equally or more unpleasant. Many a business man who has promptly sent out his polite bills is on the anxious seat for fear his debtors will not be as prompt and as polite as he has been. They ought to be if they possibly can be.

At the beginning of a new year people who are in business look over their accounts and take an inventory of their possessions. Thus they find out just how they stand and can go on intelligently. It might not be a bad idea for people who are capable of careful thought about business or anything else to sit quietly down for an hour or two during the first week of this new year and find out just how they stand with themselves, their fellow beings and their creator and preserver. Such an examination needs to be made with entire honesty, without undue self-love and without hypocrisy. The result of it would surprise many and might be a little discouraging to some, but it would probably be useful in most cases. What a curious fact it is that "the only thinking thing" is too busy to give much thought to its most important affairs. It can stop annually or semi-annually to figure out its relations to business, but it can't stop to contemplate its relations to the universe. It rushes on in a mad race after the possession of this or that trifle until desire and power fail and "life's poor play is o'er." And then its dead, cold hands can hold nothing of all they managed to grasp so eagerly. Dear brethren and sisters, after we get our business affairs straightened out this week, let's sit quietly down for an hour or two and see if we can't straighten ourselves out a little.

A SACRED CODFISH PROPHAXED. Long, long ago the codfish was much respected in Massachusetts. And well it might be, for it was a great help to many of the people of that State. It is of some account there in these days, but although it is still admitted into the best society it has not the importance that it once had. And some of the members of the best society, whose present magnificence is based on codfish, are more than willing to have that fact forgotten. Such people and some others will sympathize with a profane and vulgar deed that has been done by those who have been preparing the new chamber in which the representatives of the Massachusetts legislature will meet. In the old room, high above the heads of the representatives, hung a codfish, which came to be known as the sacred codfish. It was put there as long ago as 1784. On Wednesday, March 17th of that year, John Rowe, a member from Boston, moved permission to hang the codfish in the house as a memorial to the importance of the codfish to the welfare of the State. The motion prevailed, and shortly after the emblem was placed in position, and there it has remained undisturbed through all the vicissitudes of the years which have intervened. Once it was repainted, but it has never been taken down from the iron rod by which it is held in position. Mr. Rowe, who presented the figure to the commonwealth, was a well known citizen of Boston and a conspicuous patriot, being associated with Samuel Adams, James Otis, John Hancock and other leaders of the period. He was interested in commerce and an extensive property-owner along the water-front, Rowe's wharf and contiguous property being among his possessions. He died on February 17, 1787.

Now, after hanging over the deliberations of the Massachusetts representatives for more than one hundred years, the sacred codfish is to go hang no longer. The people of Massachusetts appear to be willing that this emblem of their early struggles and triumphs should be put away in some corner where it will not too conspicuously

remind them of the former days. They appear to feel that codfish and Boston culture are not harmonious, and that the codfish is no longer a thing to be thankful for. They ought to be ashamed of themselves, and if the entire State is not lost to a sense of the fitness of things we hope to see an uprising which shall compel the hanging of the sacred codfish in the new hall where it belongs. If this is not done somebody ought to say "Tehabod" as feelingly and forcibly as Whittier said it of Webster.

FASHION NOTES.

No More Hiding Behind Big Roses. No longer does the swagger miss wear a corsage bouquet, for it has been discovered that when big enough to command a sum that makes it worthy of wear, it is clumsily awkward arranged as a corsage. So now violets, roses or orchids are arranged in a "parterre." This is a mound of crescent shape set against very fine wire and backed by a great bow of ribbon.



It is put at the edge of the décolletage, where it is sure to cause wonderment to those who see it for the first time.

The new mode that is called by so many different names is a stuff which looks like mourning, with all its gloss and wavelets chased by the dulness of crepe. It is stiff as a board, has a lovely crackle and lends itself remarkably well to elaborate enrichment of tinsel embroidery and spangling. It is made up in skirts and in capes, but not often in bodices. Black satin is employed in some very handsome costumes enriched with various forms of jet trimmings and lightened with velvet. In the accompanying sketch there is shown an example of this treatment, dahlia mirror velvet trimming the satin and relieving its somberness. The wide gored skirt remains plain, but is stiffened throughout and lined with striped taffeta. The fitted bodice has a lace collar and a lace back of bias satin, and the yoke is made in one and fastens on the shoulders. Below the yoke are two narrow jet bretelles, and the yoke is bordered with heavy jet galloon and fringe. A folded collar is of dahlia velvet and gigot sleeves of the dress material.

Twined is distinctly the correct thing for the street, and it is further decreed that it is not good form to appear during shopping hours and in the shopping part of town in anything but a severely plain gown. FLORETTE.

PRACTICAL.

Ned—The woman I marry must be an ideal housekeeper. Ted—You'll suffer less with a practical one, old man.—Vogue.

Brown—Is young Flyingwedge practicing law? Jones—I think not. He was admitted to the bar, but I think he's practicing economy.—Vogue.

"I see that Johnson in his lecture relates a fight between Clay and Randolph." "Yes, he calls it a scrap of history."—Atlanta Constitution.

"I'll put him on his pins again," said the small boy as he put a couple of those articles for the fourth time in the week on the teacher's chair.—Wrinkle.

"So the doctor has ordered your wife to go South for her health?" "Yes." "Will the climate agree with her?" "Well, if it does it will be a good one."—Inter-Ocean.

To Angelina: No, as far as we have been able to ascertain the demand for spirit lamps is not increased to any considerable extent by professional mediums.—Buffalo Courier.

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked the hissing maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I had a military ball come to me. It took my leg off!"—Tit-Bits.

Debtor (meeting creditor in street)—Glad to see you, Mr. A. (Offering his snuff box.) Have a pinch? Creditor—Thanks, but let us first settle that bill. You escaped the other day while I was sneezing.—Ellegende Blatter.

Once upon a time a Bicycle accosted a Horse. "Get off the earth!" said the Bicycle. "I am going to supplant you entirely." The Horse smiled. "Nay, nay," it rejoined gently; "they can make canned corned beef out of you."—Puck.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, what are the wages of sin? Tommy (who has been reading the Lexow proceedings)—Well, mum, it all depends on what precinct it's in. In the "Tenderloin"—Teacher (horrified)—Tommy!—Texas Sittings.

The visiting foreigner climbed carefully and painfully over the stacks of merchandise displayed on the sidewalk. "We don't permit anything like this over home," said he. "Sig," said his entertainer with pride, "this is a free country!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Tell me honestly," said the novel reader to the novel-writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toes for several moments, as you describe?" "Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did; once." "Who was she?" "She was a clog-dancer."—Washington Star.

Friend—I notice you have a string around your finger and a knot in your handkerchief, too. Old Lady—Yes, the string around my finger is to remind me that I have a knot in my handker-

chief, and the knot in the handkerchief is to remind me that the things I want to remember are written on a piece of paper in my purse.—New York Weekly.

An Irishman, comparing his watch with the clock of St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what tickled him, he answered, "Ah! how can I help it? Here is my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, that cost me but five guineas, has beat your big London clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday mornin'!"—Tit-Bits.

IDEAL COOKS FROM CHINA.

Their Good Traits Set Forth by a San Francisco Woman—They are Clean, Skilful and Trustworthy, and Have a Troublesome Domestic Problem—Their Ambition to Learn—Chinese Women Rare as Domestic Servants. (From the New York Sun.)

It was a San Francisco woman, who, when calling on a friend recently, told of the trouble she had undergone in trying to find a good cook, and lamented the fact that she could not bring her Chinese cook with her when she came to New York to live.

"But," said her friend, "you surely cannot prefer having an unclean, unprincipled heathen in your kitchen rather than a white cook?"

"Indeed I do prefer them, and I only wish it were possible to find one here," was the reply. "As for being unclean and unprincipled, they are models of cleanliness and neatness, and with their white linen jackets and aprons, and queues wound round their heads, they are more attractive than the average slatternly white cook. They are scrupulously honest and devoted to their employers, and besides all this, they are very quick to learn."

This surprised the New York woman, whose only idea of the ordinary Chinaman was the stolid laundryman with his pigeon English, and she wanted to know more about the superior individual who, the San Franciscan affirmed, could prepare and serve as good and well-cooked a dinner as a French chef, and took as much pride in his success as his mistress.

"Where do they learn to cook?" she asked.

"That is hard to tell. In some cases they are hired as boys to wait on the table, and, being ambitious to learn, will offer to assist the cook and watch his methods, and the preparation of a dish once learned is never forgotten. So far as I know, there are no established schools, and a question asked of one of them brings forth the invariable answer, 'My cousin, he teach me,' but, as every Chinaman is every other Chinaman's cousin, this reply at the best is vague. However, they learn somewhere, and no good cook will ever admit that there is any dish he cannot prepare."

"On one occasion, wishing to give a small dinner party, I called Sing into consultation to decide on the menu. After suggesting several dishes, I asked him if he could cook lobster à la Newburgh. 'How you call him?' he asked. I wrote the name for him on a slip of paper. He looked at the name a long while, and, gravely folding the paper, said, 'I'll see.' After finishing his work that morning he went to Chinatown, and was gone about an hour. At dinner in the evening the dish was served, cooked to perfection. I asked him where he learned the recipe. He did not seem to care about telling, but my insistence brought forth the usual answer: 'I see my cousin—I pay him fifty cents. He teach me.' This time I found was an expert Chinese cook, who for a small fee would teach his countrymen to cook any dish, however unusual; in fact, he made his living that way.

"They are excellent caterers, and can buy to better advantage than most women. They prefer to do their own marketing, and can be relied upon to select the best cuts of meat and freshest vegetables. Their judgment is invariably good, and the mistress of the house is relieved of the worry of puzzling from day to day what shall be ordered for dinner."

"The average Chinaman employed as cook can neither read nor write. Many Chinamen attend the mission schools, of which there are several in San Francisco; not, I am afraid, for the religious good it does them, for few Chinamen ever desert their jobs, however loud they may sing the church hymns, but for the benefit of the reading and writing lessons received there. After the alphabet is mastered, and the student is able to worry through a reading exercise, he becomes immensely proud of his acquisitions, and loses no opportunity to parade them. I was visiting my sister's house last Christmas day, and in the afternoon, her cook, who was a faithful attendant at the mission night school, entered the room where the family were assembled, carrying a tray on which was a large cake. He placed the tray on a table, and then, with a bow that took in every one in the room, presented the cake to his mistress, wishing her a 'Merry Christmas,' and 'good back with the air of a conqueror. It was a large fruit cake, elaborately frosted, and over the white surface he had scrawled in pink, 'In God We Trust.' The mistress evoked by this rather odd Christmas greeting was received by him as a compliment."

"The Chinese cook delights in observing holidays, and although he has only one for himself throughout the year, he looks forward to the American holidays and celebrates them, as he does his own, by presenting gifts of Chinese sweets or of hideous spams of color, in the shape of Chinese baskets, to the family, and feels called upon to use his greatest skill in preparing dinner on these occasions."

"One of the greatest attractions of the Chinese cook, and one that, next to his skill, appeals to his mistress, is his faithfulness. After his work is finished he is free to do as he pleases. Every night after dinner he is off to Chinatown, and although he may play fan and drink ginseng all night, instead of attending school, morning finds him bright and cheerful at his work, and he may be depended on for three hundred and sixty-three days in the year. He is bound to have two days to celebrate during the Chinese New Year. He becomes greatly attached to his employers and devoted to their interests. A family living about two miles from the central part of town employed a Chinese cook, who had been in their service several years. One evening, when all the members of the family had gone

to the theater, and Sam, as usual, had gone to Chinatown, the fire alarm rang, and Sam recognized the number as being in the district where his employers lived. He immediately left his friends and his game and rushed home. When the family returned from the theater they found him on the stable roof, wet and shivering. He was playing the hose on the roof and putting out the flying brands which the wind carried from the burning building opposite. He had been there two hours fighting the fire. His act was remarkable because all Chinese have a horror of fire, and would rather lose all they possess than come within smelling distance of it.

"Occasionally the cook will conceive a preference for one member of the family, and this preference is shown by covert attentions while serving at table. In one case, a Chinaman was employed in a family, a member of which, a young lady, went to work every morning and ate her breakfast alone and much earlier than the rest of the household. The cook in serving her would invariably make an excuse to remain in the dining room, and although he would not speak to her, he showed the keenest appreciation if she seemed to enjoy her breakfast. One day the housewife, in looking over the butcher bill, discovered that she had been charged with several delicacies which she could not remember having served at table. She called the cook, and when he entered the room in response to her bell she asked: 'How is it, Sam, that we are charged with quail and oysters and red birds several times in this bill? I'm sure I haven't had any.' The working member of the family had entered the room in time to hear the query and interrupted to say that she had been served with some delicious broiled oysters that morning for breakfast, and a quail the day before. Sam looked reproachfully at the speaker and left the room without explaining. He had been ordering dainties for the object of his choice while the rest of the family lived on plainer fare. That is the nearest approach to dishonesty, if you would call it by so harsh a term, that I ever heard of in a Chinese cook."

"Although Chinese cooks outnumber white cooks by about three to one, they are all men. The only case of a Chinese woman being employed in a domestic capacity that I ever heard of was in the family of a lady very much interested in Chinese mission work. The girl had been brought from China when about thirteen years old, and was sold to a Chinese farmer. He kept her as a drudge for several years, treating her very cruelly, and sold the two little girls she had borne him when they were seven and nine years old. Shortly after the sale of the children he felt that he was sufficiently well off to be entitled to a 'little foot' wife, and was making arrangements to sell the wife who had helped him amass his money. She learned of his plan and ran away from him, begging protection from the mission. The girl, who in spite of the slave's life she had led, was very comely and spoke excellent English, soon won her way into the hearts of the women connected with the mission, and was taught to read and write and later was engaged by this lady to work in her house, and with a little training soon became an excellent cook. The girl had an aversion for her own countrymen on account of the treatment she had received at their hands, and made every effort to appear thoroughly Americanized—even to adopting corsets and wearing a bang. After two years' service in the family, she met an Americanized Chinaman, one who had sacrificed his queue, and thereby lost all chance of returning to his own land. He was a very prosperous merchant, and having met Emma, which name the girl adopted with the rest of her Americanisms, concluded that he would like to marry her, and asked permission to pay his addresses. Emma at first demurred, but finally concluded that he was only half a Chinaman after all, so they were married. She dressed for the ceremony in white, with the regulation veil and orange blossoms, and he in an irreproachable dress suit. The wedding took place at the house of Emma's employer, a Unitarian minister officiating; and after a short honeymoon they went housekeeping on the American plan."

Housewives have no need now to trouble making

Fams & Fellies when equal in every respect to Home-made may be had from

Edw. E. Hall & Son 770 Chapel Street.

JAN. 1st, 1895.

Only Once a Year, At the beginning of January, do we cut the prices of

NECKWEAR, etc., To One-Half the Original Price.

\$1.00 Neckwear now FIFTY CENTS. \$1.50 and \$2.00 Neckwear now ONE DOLLAR.

Ladies' Dress Silks, Handkerchiefs that were \$1.50 and \$2.50 now ONE DOLLAR.

Ladies' Garters were \$3.50, now ONE-FIFTY.

Embroidered Suspenders were \$3.50, now TWO DOLLARS.

Fancy Silk Suspenders were \$2.00, now ONE DOLLAR.

Dressing Jackets, House Coats, English Long Gowns and English Mufflers, At 25 per cent. Discount.

CHASE & CO. SHIRTMAKERS, New Haven House Building.

MARY A. TUPPER

IN A WOMAN'S PRISON.

Restored to Her Husband at Wilton, Me., After Months of Suffering.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.] Women's prisons are not always built of iron bars and solid masonry. It is easy to shut women up from the beautiful, joyous world without these means.

Mrs. Mary A. Tupper has been released at Wilton, Me., from the custody of extreme female weakness and nervousness

which kept her prisoner in bed, unable to walk.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound went to the root of her trouble, and gave her the liberty of health, so that after taking two bottles she was able to go out of doors and surprise her husband and friends by her rapid improvement.

She says: "Women should beware of dizziness, sudden faintness, backache, extreme lassitude and depression. They are danger signals of female weakness, or some derangement of the uterus or womb. Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and be thankful for your life as I am. It only costs a dollar to try it, and the result is worth millions. Ask some friend."

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About Office Furniture of Every Description—Also Roll Top, Flat Top and Standing Desks.



Every Business and Professional Man knows what a Great Convenience a NICELY MADE DESK is. Our "STANDARD" 50 inch Quartered Oak Roll Top Desk for \$25 is a world beater.

Bowditch & Prudden Co. 104-106 Orange Street.

People From All Parts Of the city and country visit our store daily to purchase the

Finest Tea Ever Sold at the Price in This City.

Elegant English Breakfast Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Choice Formosa Oolong Tea, 45c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Extra choice Japan Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00. Choice Imperial Gunpowder Tea, 35c lb, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Headquarters for the finest grades of Coffees imported.

Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store, 344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building.

\$30,000 Worth OF FURNITURE AND

House Furnishing Goods Must be turned into Cash. Early buyers will get the best bargains.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Groceries, etc. All must go regardless of profits. Stock is replete with a large variety of

Useful Christmas Gifts. Ladies' Writing Desks in Oak, Curly Birch and Mahogany. Shaving Cabinets and Children's Rockers, Doll Carriages and Express Wagons.

Look at the Patent Rocker for \$2.67. Banquet Lamps and Silk Shades make beautiful presents. My stock of these is the best ever shown in the city.

Frederick L. Averill, Complete Housefurnisher, 755 to 763 Chapel Street. Open evenings.

Philadelphia Dental Roots, 781 Chapel Street. Teeth cleaned, 75c. Teeth filled with Gold, 50c. Teeth filled with Silver, 25c. Teeth filled with Gold, 1.00. Teeth extracted, 50c.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain by the use of our Vitrified Air, made from our office. Office Open at All Hours.

L. D. MONKS, D. D. S., DENTIST, G. A. GIBBY, 787 Chapel Street. Six doors below Orange, etc. Consistent with first-class work.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

F. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

HROW CARE to the winds and wish everybody a Happy New Year.

That is a pretty certain way of helping to make it happy, anyway.

Let the poets and the editors and the solemn people talk about the "dying year" and moralize about what we ought to do.

Let us all trim the lamp of life, pull the throttle of Hope wide open, and start down the mainline of 1895 with an energy that will keep others on the hustle and alive.

Lots' wife became a pillar of salt because she looked back—that is she became bitter.

Look straight ahead, mind your trolley, and turn out on the switches to give other people a chance.

More than half of the trouble worried over in this world never happens!

When you feel bad and things look blue, remember in nine cases out of ten it's your liver.

The remedy is,—Get your liver right and laugh!

A human being who can't laugh is in a bad way. Get into the sunshine of a good, hearty laugh, and laugh with the world!

The world will laugh with you, but you must cry alone. Then laugh!

Now we wish you all a Happy New Year and we will strike a business gait tomorrow that will thrill the spinal column of every shopper.

F. M. Brown & Co. Picking Bones After Christmas

In order to save money to make your home look well for New Year callers isn't necessary! We would like to explain our handsome

Furniture, Carpet and Stove Low cost plan to you!

It places you in possession of the finest in the city now!

Cash or Easy Payments. P. J. KELLY & CO., Grand Ave., Church St.

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